Conflagration. 5.

A Poem 58

POEM

IN FOUR PARTS.

BY

BENJAMIN FRANCIS.

I will ſing of mercy and judgment. Pſal. ci. 1.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

CONFLAGRATION.

PART I.

BRITANNIA, rouſe! awake! nor longer dream
Of peace in guilt, of dignity in ſhame.
Drunk with mirth's cup, and lull'd with pleaſure's charms,
Long haſt thou ſlept in vice's iron arms.
Up ſpring, undraw the curtain! look around!
See judgment kindle! hear damnation ſound!
Tremendous vengeance thunders in thine ear,
And o'er thine eye-balls ſhakes her glittering ſpear.
Behold the world from pole to pole in flames!
The mountains melted into fiery ſtreams!
Behold the rending rocks—the heaving tomb—
The riſing dead—the dreadful day of doom—
The Judge ſupreme—th' innumerable throng
Of ghaſtly priſoners drag their chains along—
The good in bliſs—the bad in burning woe!
Theſe in the mirror of my verſe I ſhow.

O THOU

O Thou, whoſe fiat gave creation birth;
Whoſe nod ſuſtains or ſinks ſuſpending earth;
Whoſe fingers bowl the rolling orbs along;
Whoſe ſtarry hoſts th' ethereal regions throng;
Whoſe rays of glory dart extatic fire
To angel breaſts, and angel breaſts inſpire:
Oh! deign to beam a ſpark of heavenly glow
On me, an atom of mean duſt below,
And to my eyes thy grace and grandeur ſhow.
Oh! aid my flight, frail inſect of a day,
Beyond theſe worlds doom'd to fierce flames a prey.
Fain would I reſt, within thy courts on high,
While ſun, moon, ſtars, earth, time, and nature die!
There would I view at my Redeemer's ſide,
The globes beneath float on the fiery tide,
And bleſs the refuge where I joyful hide.
That dreadful day aſſiſt me now to ſing,
And in each ſtrain, praiſe Thee th' eternal King:
With light celeſtial my dark mind inſpire,
Warm my cold boſom with ſeraphic fire;
And oh! direct me in my dubious way,
Through future ſcenes, by revelation's ray.

—

Foreboding ſigns, alarming ſights appear,
To ſhow the world's vaſt diſſolution near.
The fount of day emits a jetty flood;
The lamp of night appears as quench'd in blood.

A ſolemn

A ſolemn ſilence and a diſmal gloom,
Portend dumb hypocrites more diſmal doom.
—Now, peals of thunder through the concave ſound,
And flaming plowſhares tear the ſtubborn ground:
Thoſe the dread ſentence, *theſe* the ſpeedy woe
Of bold offenders, awfully foreſhow.
Old trembling Sinai now aſunder rends,
And to the plains his nodding ſummit bends;
The eternal hills, and ancient mountains quake,
And dire convulſions earth's deep centre ſhake:
Vulcanos kindle; furious tempeſts fly;
And foaming oceans laſh the lowring ſky.

In ether high, beyond the lofty ſpheres,
The ſovereign Judge of earth and hell appears:
A blazing brightneſs dazzling th' eyes of day,
Surrounds his chariot, and directs his way.
Creation ſickens; ſtars and ſuns expire;
The frighted heavens before his face retire.
Swift He deſcends from realms ſerene and bright,
Where ſuns ne'er ſet, where ſhines eternal light.
Angelic hoſts around Him, flaming, fly,
And fiery chariots throng the ſpacious ſky.
Through heaven, and earth, and hell, the trumpets ſound;
Heaven ſhouts, earth ſhakes, hell trembles all around.
Ye ſcoffers! now behold the promis'd morn!
Behold the JUDGE, and feel his vengeance burn!

All

All human eyes with conſternation gaze,
On the bright clouds which round his chariot blaze,
While trembling crowds loud lamentations raiſe.
Exploring ſcience lays her tube aſide,
And art neglects her profits and her pride.
The buſy wheels of labor move no more;
Gay pleaſure fades, and folly's plays are o'er.
Mirth, ſongs, and dancing, change to ſolemn ſighs,
And midnight revels cloſe in doleful cries.
Dominion, grandeur, dignity, and fame,
Earth's mighty things, are now an empty name.
Kings, 'midſt the crowd, are loſt on level ground,
And crowns and thrones are but a ſenſeleſs ſound.
Deluſive vice, of each pernicious kind,
Sheds all her flowers, but leaves her thorn behind.
Tenacious *Avarice* mourns her parting god,
While ſtern *Oppreſſion* drops her iron rod:
Here, proud *Ambition* lowers her haughty eyes;
There, roaring *Laughter* in ſad horror dies:
Mad *Drunkards* quit their bottle and their ſong,
And ſtrangely faulters the *Blaſpheming* tongue:
Now ſhameleſs *Whoredom* bluſhes and retreats,
And *Murder* trembles at her bloody feats.

Alarm'd! aghaſt! the foul and faithleſs fly,
A thouſand ways t' appeaſe the threatening ſky.

Some

Some drop the card, and catch the page divine;
Some to loud oaths a faint petition join:
Some read their prayers, but chance to read the wrong;
And crowds the temple and the altar throng:
Some to the long neglected prieſt repair
For abſolution, but with prieſts deſpair:
Some to the ſaints their ſupplications make,
But can't, alas! their ſleeping gods awake:
Some ſacrifice their bullocks and their ſheep;
Some at the feet of a deaf idol weep:
Some plunge inceſſant in the briny tide;
Some maim their limbs, and ſcourge their mangled ſide:
Some call aloud on diabolic names;
Some fling their babes to the voracious flames.
But all in vain! the Judge approaches nigh;
And wrath divine burns down the rending ſky!
The crackling clouds and boundleſs ether blaze!
And now arrives the awful DAY of days!
Tremendous ſcene! eternity deſcends;
Time quits his throne; and nature's empire ends;
Dread, conſternation, horror, and deſpair,
Diſtort the count'nance of the blooming fair—
Of bold commanders——of heroic kings—
Of all, unſcreen'd by heaven's eternal wings.
Proud monarchs tremble, howl, deſpair, blaſpheme,
And curſe their being with their Maker's name.

Courageous

Courageous captains, chiefs, and conquerors call,
" Ye trembling rocks and mountains on us fall,
" And from the Judge hide our obnoxious head,
" A thouſand leagues beneath the deepeſt dead."

While gloomy horror whelms the guilty crew,
The righteous nation, mercy's favour'd few,
Their glorious King with joy triumphant view.
(So Goſhen ſang beneath a gladſome light,
While Egypt howl'd beneath a tenfold night.)
The choſen tribes their bitter bondage end—
View their redemption with their Judge deſcend—
Bid final farewell to their furious foes—
Ceaſe from their labors——and forget their woes.
Hark! how they welcome their Redeemer down,
And ſhout their Lord, to his terreſtrial throne!
" Hail! bliſsful morn! hail brighteſt, deareſt day!
" The Sun eternal ſheds thy deathleſs ray:
" Thy brilliant beams permit us to behold
" Our SAVIOUR ſhine, array'd in orient gold.
" Lo! HE is come!—HE's come! EMMANUEL's come!
" (Now we ſhall mount to our ethereal home!)
" How fair His feet! more bright than burning braſs;
" How glory flames in His majeſtic face!
" What dazzling ſplendor crowns His bleſſed brow!
" His hair appears more white than falling ſnow.

" See

" See round Him rapid vehicles of love,
" To bear us joyful to the realms above.
" O welcome! welcome! ſweeteſt faireſt friend!
" Now heaven begins, now all our ſorrows end.
" Long have we waited, pray'd, and wept aloud,
" To ſee Thee riding on the flying cloud:
" Oft have we cry'd, (and dropt the trickling tear)
" When will our Lord—our Love—our Life appear?
" But now our tears are chang'd to ſtreams of joy,
" And ceaſeleſs ſongs our tuneful tongues employ.
" Thy ſmiles tranſport us to a quencheleſs flame
" Of bliſsful love to Thine adored name.
" Now bid us glorious and immortal riſe,
" To meet Thee coming in the lofty ſkies,
" And near Thee ſhine in a celeſtial robe,
" While indignation burns this guilty globe."

Ere the fierce flames of conflagration rage,
To ſlay the actors, and conſume the ſtage;
The righteous Lord in chariots lin'd with love,
Conveys the juſt to peaceful ſeats above.
Soon as the clouds of his appearance ſpread,
And the trump thunders univerſal dread;
The living ſaints in extacies of joy,
Commence immortal, and new powers employ—
Change, quick as thought, to a celeſtial ſhape—
Elijah-like the dart of death eſcape—

And with the bleſſed dead aſcend on high,
To meet their Lord in the empyreal ſky.
The gloomy vault, the urn, the ſolemn dome,
The clattering charnel, and the rending tomb,
The ſpacious land, and the unbounded main,—
The reſcu'd prey of vanquiſh'd death reſign.
Beneath proud perſecutors bloody feet,
The martyrs ſacred aſhes move and meet:
Stern tyrants tremble at their riſing ſlaves,
And long to hide in their deſerted graves.
The deep death-wound, the gore, the ſever'd head,
And mangled limbs of the once-tortur'd dead,
Surprize and torture their tormentors ſoul,
Who wail with anguiſh, and with horror howl.
The riſing dead appear in forms divine;
And (glorious change!) as bright as angels ſhine.
The pious duſt! how alter'd! how refin'd!
A perfect manſion for the perfect mind!
Once vile, corruptible, and mortal, ſown,
Now potent, glorious, and immortal, grown!
Each form appears with godlike beauty crown'd;
Nor blemiſh ſeen, nor imperfection found;
Nor ſeem'd the firſt, the happieſt, pureſt pair,
In native brightneſs ſo divinely fair:
Peculiar glories o'er each count'nance ſpread,
And all reſemble their exalted head.

Mean-

Meantime, the ſons of ruin dread their doom,
With terror tremble, and with fury foam:
Guilt, pride, and anger, in their boſom burn,
And their foul joys to fiery torments turn.
The thoughtleſs crowd, the unbelieving crew,
The ſcoffing Deiſt, the blaſpheming Jew,
The hypocrite on ſome exalted ſeat,
The proud, the wanton, and the impious great,
Behold with wild amazement and deſpair,
The ranſom'd hoſt aſcend the ſhining air,
And hear them triumph as they climb the ſky,
O'er captive death, their final enemy,
And conquer'd tombs which now in ruins lie;
While their vile carcaſes remain below,
To ſink with torture, and expire in woe.
Nor towers can ſave, nor gloomy caves conceal,
The guilty millions from the wrath they feel.

Bright, like the flaming orb which kindles day,
EMMANUEL ſhines, but with a brighter ray:
Like radiant ſtars the righteous round Him riſe,
From pole to pole, t' attend Him down the ſkies.
Angelic legions on cherubic wings,
Deſcend from realms where endleſs glory ſprings.
The elder ſons of light the younger meet,
Around their great eternal Father's feet;
Nor abſent one beloved choſen child,
Or e'er immaculate, or once defil'd.

Bleſt ſaints bright angels joyfully embrace,
Nor longer dread a ſeraph's flaming face.
JEHOVAH ſmiles on all the mingled hoſt,
But ſweeteſt on his ſons who once were loſt:
Redeem'd with blood, adorn'd with robes divine,
They next their Lord in peerleſs ſplendor ſhine.
O glorious meeting! O tranſporting ſight!
O bliſsful day! O raviſhing delight!
Ne'er ſhone before a morning half ſo bright.
Joy, wonder, praiſe, and heavenly love abound,
And diſtant ſkies with exultation ſound.
Saints of all ages, of all nations join,
In the loud triumph, and the ſhout divine:
From eaſt and weſt, from north and ſouth they fly,
From every land beneath the boundleſs ſky.
Now Adam views his ranſom'd ſeed around,
Dreſs'd in perfection, and with glory crown'd.
Seth, Abel, Enoch, and their righteous race,
With joy behold the laſt-born ſons of grace.
Sweet Jonathan and charming David meet,
In deathleſs friendſhip, and in bliſs compleat.
Apoſtles, prophets, patriarchs, prieſts, and kings,
Who ſpoke, and wrought, and bore ſurprizing things,
Tranſported, join in everlaſting praiſe,
Loud and melodious as ſeraphic lays.
Meek Moſes and Elijah, Peter hears
Relate the wonders of their ancient years.

Bleſt

Bleſt Paul beholds his dear Epheſian friends;
Their joy abounds, and mutual weeping ends.
The ſaints who mix'd their tears and groans below,
Mingle their pure eternal pleaſures now.
Divided friends unite in laſting love;
And various ſects but *one* compoſe above.
The firm defenders of the ſacred page,
Aſunder rent by perſecution's rage;
EMMANUEL's ſheep by faithful paſtors fed,
Who for the name of their Redemer bled;
Convene triumphant on celeſtial plains,
To praiſe the Lamb in everlaſting ſtrains.

But lo! while heaven's redeem'd aſcend and ſing,
Earth's trembling hills with hideous howlings ring.
Alas, the groans, the doleful groans and cries,
That load the air, and rend the diſtant ſkies!
The piercing ſcreams of wild deſpairing crowds,
And dying millions, ſtun the thundering clouds.
So at the flood heaven's windows open'd wide,
And the great deep pour'd forth his rapid tide;
So burning ſulphur down the ether ſtreams,
And loud vulcanoes belch tremendous flames.
Outrageous, Etna and Veſuvius roar,
And pour their vengeance o'er the trembling ſhore:
Storms of red cinders, and vaſt ſpreading ſmoke,
The Beaſt demoliſh, and his kingdom choke.

Behold the flaming deluge rage and ſwell,
And earth commenc'd a temporary hell!
Where the corn flouriſh'd—or the lily grew—
Or herbage ſuck'd th' exhilarating dew—
Or careleſs thriv'd the unfrequented wood—
Or gladdening trees bow'd with delicious food—
Or feeble vines their bending branches ſpread—
Or ſtately cedars rais'd their towering head—
Fades the young bloſſom, drops the blaſted fruit,
Dies every leaf, and withers every root.
Where ſpicy groves the wafting air perfum'd,
Or roſes blow'd, or fragrant orchards bloom'd,
Prevails a horrid ſuffocating ſmell,
Foul and ſulphureous as the ſtench of hell.
Where ſmiling plains their verdant charms diſclos'd,
Or lofty hills their gloomy brows expos'd,
Smoke, fire, and vapour, in huge clouds are ſeen,
Nor one fair proſpect intervenes between.
Beaſt, bird, and fiſh, and every tribe that breathe,
In air, on earth, or in the deep beneath;
With countleſs myriads of the human race,
O'er all the kindling globe's extenſive face,
Ah, dreadful ſcene! midſt the tremendous fire,
In one vaſt general ſacrifice expire!
The works of curious, or ſtupendous form,
Rais'd to defy th' artillery of ſtorm—
Proud pyramids—the ſepulchres of kings,
Where art luxuriant hoards her antique things—

The ſeat of ſcience, where Britannia ſtores
Productions rare, for which the ſage explores
Remoteſt ages, and remoteſt ſhores—
Towns—cities—temples—palaces—and towers,
The univerſal fiery flood devours!
Strong nature's forts next the red billows raze;
The flowery vales and ſylvan foreſts blaze!
The ſolemn Cedar and the lofty Pine,
And ſtubborn Oak, their blaſted heads decline,
And craſh, and burn, and melt th' adjacent mine.
Rocks fly; hills leap; wide-yawning caverns roar,
Flames upward burſt, and rivers downward pour.
The horned peaks which pierc'd the paſſing cloud,
Puſh furious at each other, bellowing loud:
The elements diſſolve with fervent heat;
And diſtant mountains in vaſt torrents meet:
The towering alps are tumbled to the ſea;
The ocean boils; the iſlands melt away:
The tortur'd earth's eternal pillars bend,
Her center cracks, her bars aſunder rend,
Her fiery entrails in huge floods aſcend;
Her burnings caſt a dreadful light around,
Her thundering groans through heaven's high roof reſound.
The curling flames entwine the frozen poles,
And the vaſt world in blazing ſulphur rolls.
While lo! the ſwift-aſcending flakes ſublime,
The diſtant ſummit of creation climb;

And

And meeting planetary orbs on high,
Spread devaſtation through the boundleſs ſky.
Air, fire, and water, oft at war before,
Contend tremendous for deſpotic power,
And unknown globes ſtand trembling at their roar.
Thus muſt foul earth be purified with fire!
Thus muſt her hoſts in burning ſeas expire!
Thus muſt her duſt which drank her MAKER'S BLOOD,
Be waſh'd away beneath a flaming flood!

While the Supreme his dreadful ire diſplays,
And wraps the world in one ſurrounding blaze;
While earth's apoſtates in her boſom burn,
And dire ſeducers home to hell return;
Heaven's faithful ſubjects ſing their glorious LORD,
His bleeding love, and His victorious ſword—
Joy in his reign o'er each exalted name—
Applaud his vengeance—and his grace proclaim.
(So Iſrael ſang, and ſpread their joys around,
While all their foes were in deep ocean drown'd.)
From lofty realms with joy the victors view,
The deſart burn where once their ſorrows grew—
The vales on fire where ſtream'd their tears and blood—
The fields in flames where Satan's ſtandard ſtood—
Nor longer feel for their blaſpheming foes,
While burning clefts their carcaſes incloſe.

So

So righteous Lot, preſerv'd from Sodom's ſhame,
And Sodom's ruin, view'd her diſtant flame.
Juſt Noah, Daniel, Moſes, Samuel, Job,
No longer plead for the abandon'd globe;
Nor Abraham prays for mocking Iſhmael more,
And David's grief for Abſalom is o'er.
Good Paul with pleaſing approbation views,
Fierce vengeance fall on unbelieving Jews.
All ſupplications for the ſinner ceaſe,
And praiſe alone ſurrounds the *throne of grace*:
Nor pity weeps, nor ſorrow heaves a ſigh,
While juſtice reigns, and daring rebels die.

On cryſtal hills where ſprings perpetual light,
Where never rolls the jetty tide of night;
Where ſmoke, and clouds, and vapors ne'er aſcend,
The ſons of day feaſt with their glorious friend,
Imbibing gladneſs at the fount ſupreme,
Where life, and love, and joys eternal ſtream.
Thence they behold, unnumber'd leagues below,
The fiery deluge earth's proud alps o'erflow;
And rocks, and mountains, continents, and all,
Promiſcuous whirl around the rending ball.
Thus, long they on the conflagration gaze:—
At length ſubſides the univerſal blaze,
The raging fire, the fierce aſcending flame,
The towering ſmoke, and the wide-wandering ſteam.

PART II.

THE former earth diſſolv'd in diſtant ſmoke
A new appears, as heaven-taught Peter ſpoke;
Where conſtant dwells unſpotted righteouſneſs,
Joy, freedom, love, and pure celeſtial peace;
Than paradiſe more fragrant, fair, and bleſt;
Nor ſerpents there the flowery ground infeſt.
Each weed and thorn, each ravenous bird and brute,
With every kind of ſin's pernicious fruit;
All pains, diſeaſes, dangers, wants, and woes,
Heat, cold, and darkneſs, (fallen nature's foes)
The lowring tempeſt and proud ocean's roar,
Rain, vapor, ſnow, and hail,—are known no more.
There gladſome hills in ſweet gradations riſe;
There verdant vallies charm immortal eyes;
There fragrant groves the bliſsful realms perfume;
And lovely plains ſmile in eternal bloom:
Perpetual ſtreams of pureſt pleaſures flow;
Trees of delight, and deathleſs lilies grow;
And ruby-rocks of laſting glories glow.

Divine

Divine effulgence infinitely bright,
Excludes all gloom, and pours inceſſant light:
And all the beauties that a world can wear,
Or nature yield, unfading flouriſh there.
Nor earth alone is ſplendidly adorn'd,
The heavens which at her diſſolution mourn'd,
Rejoice around, and their beſt robes diſplay,
To ſolemnize their MAKER's nuptial day.

Near, as ſuppos'd, where ancient Salem ſtood,
Where Zion's King hung on the curſed wood,
Appears the fair, the new Jeruſalem,
Founded on gold, and built of brilliant gem.
Her vaſt extent twelve thouſand furlongs ſquare;
Her length and breadth and height all equal are:
Twelve kinds of gems her dazzling wall adorn;
Twelve kinds of gems in twelve foundations burn:
Twelve glittering pearls compoſe her flaming gates,
And at each gate a ſhining angel waits.
No ſun by day ſhe needs, nor moon by night;
GOD and the LAMB are her perpetual light:
JEHOVAH's ſmiles ſhed on her endleſs day;
JEHOVAH's hand wipes all her tears away:
So brightly there JEHOVAH's glory beams,
So largely there JEHOVAH's favor ſtreams,

The ſacred place but one vaſt temple ſeems,
The ſacred time a ſabbath each eſteems:
GOD is her temple, there with men HE dwells,
And every part with His glad preſence fills.
A river ſpringing from the throne of GOD,
Rolls through the place its pure tranſparent flood;
Midſt groves of myrrh and ſtreets of gold it glides,
And living fruit hangs bending by its ſides:
Its cryſtal ſtreams in thouſand branches ſpread,
And glowing gladneſs through the city ſhed:
Each godlike monarch, emperor, and king,
Their wealth and crowns, and glory thither bring:
Thither th' unclean with no admiſſion meets,
Nor feet defil'd e'er tread the golden ſtreets:
The holy nations, ſav'd by grace divine,
Walk in her light, and in her brightneſs ſhine;
Nor ſin, nor ſhame, nor ſorrow, death, or pain,
E'er pall their pleaſure, or their beauty ſtain.
The heavenly Adam, and his royal race,
Reſide and reign in the reſplendent place:
The ſaints as Queen, the LORD of life as King,
Thither deſcended on cherubic wing:
A thouſand years extends their bliſsful reign,
While Satan howls beneath his ponderous chain,
In the deep lake of ever burning woe,
With each ſubordinate infernal foe.

But oh! the grandeur of the reigning God,
The golden ſcepter, and the iron rod,
The throne of juſtice, and the crown of peace,
The frowns of vengeance, and the ſmiles of grace!
Ten thouſand thouſand flaming angels ſtand,
Around his throne to wait his high command:
His radiant glories, human and divine,
Through his bleſt reign, and boundleſs empire ſhine.
His friends who once his paths of ſuffering trod,
Are reigning kings, and holy prieſts of God;
Each bright, immoveable, and ſpacious throne,
Th' eternal Sovereign places near his own:
Reſplendent robes th' exulting bands adorn;
Their weighty crowns with glittering glories burn:
They feaſt on fruits celeſtial and divine,
And drink the juice of heaven's immortal vine:
Unwithering palms of victory round them riſe,
And joy triumphant ſparkles in their eyes.
The ſounding organ and the trembling wire,
The ſilver trumpet and the golden lyre,
With every martial and melodious ſound,
Proclaim their joy, and ſpread their triumph round;
While hallelujahs and perpetual praiſe,
Soft as the lute, loud as the roaring ſeas,
Harmonious anthems and celeſtial ſongs,
Mellifluous flow on all their warbling tongues.

Thus

Thus they begin their everlaſting ſong;
To Thee, almighty King of Kings! belong
Eternal ſelf-exiſtence infinite——
Tremendous majeſty—unbounded might—
Omniſcient wiſdom—immortality—
Supreme dominion—peerleſs purity—
Unſully'd juſtice—ſaving love and grace—
Inviolate truth—and never-ending praiſe.

'Thy potent hand, O everlaſting GOD,
Earth's pillars rear'd, and ſpread the heavens abroad,
All worlds and things in the beginning made,
And vaſt creation ſtill upheld and ſway'd.
Large beyond bound, and numberleſs as ſand,
Are the bright orbs which roll at Thy command;
But greater far, and more ſtupendous ſtill,
Are the bright counſels of Thy gracious will.
Ere THOU didſt bid the mighty mountains riſe,
Or ocean ſwell, or vapor climb the ſkies,
Or flaming globes through boundleſs ether blaze,
Or elder angels ſing Thy ceaſeleſs praiſe,
Or ere THOU gav'ſt the old creation birth,—
Thy dear delights were with the ſons of earth;
Thine early love did in Thy boſom burn,
And eyes of tenderneſs toward them turn.

'Antient

' Ancient of Days! THOU ſaw'ſt with thoughts of peace
' The guilty pair hide from JEHOVAH's face:
' Thine arm prevented death's immediate ſtroke,
' And to the man thus Thy compaſſion ſpoke;

" Adam! where art thou? and why hideſt thou
" Thyſelf from GOD beneath the ſhading bough?
" Haſt thou tranſgreſs'd thy Maker's great command,
" And ſwallow'd poiſon from the tempter's hand?
" O wretched man! O wretched woman too!
" With all your race involv'd in guilt and woe!
" Stern angels wave their flaming ſword around
" The tree of life, and threaten mortal wound;
" Sin, pain, and death, voracious on you feed,
" And hell purſues you and your numerous ſeed:
" But I to ſave adopted ſons will join,
" Your nature human to my own divine;
" Will act an able mediator's part,
" And pour atonement from my bleeding heart:
" Yes, with my own divinely precious blood,
" I'll reconcile them to their ſmiling GOD:
" And while the ſerpent wounds my harmleſs heel,
" His guilty head a fatal bruiſe ſhall feel."

' Thus ſpake Thy love, thus Thy compaſſion will'd
' Love promis'd—and Omnipotence fulfill'd.

' Ye

Yes, wonderous FRIEND! Thou lovedſt us while loſt,
And Thy dear life our great ſalvation coſt:
For us Thou gav'ſt Thyſelf a ſacrifice;
No blood but Thine, O JESUS! could ſuffice:
Yes, Thou the Juſt, for us th' unjuſt haſt born
The curſe, the croſs, the torture, and the ſcorn!
Haſt died to ſave the guilty, the undone,
And rais'd us, rebels, to thy ſhining throne!
Theſe crowns of glory which our heads adorn,
Coſt Thee ſharp pain beneath a crown of thorn:
Theſe robes refulgent in Thy blood were dy'd;
Our bliſsful life flow'd from Thy pierced ſide:
From Thee our vaſt eternal pleaſures ſtream;
Eternal praiſe to Thine eternal name.'

Thus the redeem'd begin their endleſs ſong,
While bliſs tranſporting tunes each quavering tongue.
A thouſand years they ſing, and celebrate
The various wonders of their former ſtate:
While ſeas of mirth ſucceed their tears below,
And ſparks of grace are flames of glory now.
Thus, purged earth diviner pleaſures yields,
Than Adam reap'd in all his flowery fields;
Nor grew ſuch joys in Eden's bliſsful ground,
As through this fairer paradiſe abound.

Meanwhile

Meanwhile, his eyes the Dragon thither turns;
And with revenge and indignation burns;
Curſes and rattles his enormous chain,
Raves, foams, and laſhes the infernal main;
Blaſphemes the name, and dares the potent arm
Of the SUPREME, and ſounds a loud alarm
'Mong the foul fiends in gloomy hell confin'd,
Whether of human or angelic kind;
And thus proceeds; 'Ye mighty potentates!
'My faithful, conſtant, and immortal mates!
'Long have we roll'd in this tormenting lake,
'While our bleſt foes of ceaſeleſs joys partake:
'Nor have we once made an attempt in form,
'To break our priſon, and their city ſtorm:
'Though ſtrong our chains, and high the walls of hell
'And, though we once were routed, who can tell,
'But by our courage, conſtancy, and ſkill,
'We may eſcape, and ſtalk in freedom ſtill,
'Theſe irons break—theſe walls of ſteel deſtroy—
'Climb yonder glittering hills—the ſaints annoy—
'Raze their fair city—and their Prince dethrone—
'And ever reign victorious and alone?
'Long have I rul'd, amazing ſcenes have ſeen,
'And worlds ſubdu'd, though gods oppos'd between:
'You, ancient angels of celeſtial light!
'I nobly led great Michael's hoſt to fight;

'And though repuls'd, we bravely fighting fell
'Off heaven's high towers, and ſtill have reign'd in hell;
'Nor have we ſince one heaven-born ſubject loſt,
'But glorious conqueſts of wide realms we boaſt:
'And peradventure we may yet regain,
'The lands we loſt when conquering death was ſlain.
'Now, my brave warriors! let us all unite
'Our dauntleſs courage, policy, and might,
'To burſt theſe bonds—our former freedom gain—
'Invade yon orb where joy and glory reign—
'And drag thoſe forms which ſhine in radiant light,
'To theſe black regions of eternal night.'

To which old proud Ahithophel replies;
'Sovereign of Hell, magnanimous and wiſe!
'We, thy true ſubjects of the race of man,
'Admire thy motion, and applaud thy plan;
'But by thy royal leave we would propoſe,
'The fitteſt ſeaſon to attack our foes.
'By old predictions in the page divine,
'We underſtand that the Supreme will join,
'Our deathleſs ſpirits to our ſcatter'd duſt,
'And judge us guilty, and his ſubjects juſt:
'Yes, thoſe exalted favourites of their Lord,
'Shall judge you, angels, though as gods ador'd;

'And

'And this aſſize tremendous now is near,
'When we muſt all before their Prince appear.
'But ſhall we tamely at his bar attend,
'And to the tyrant's ſword, or ſcepter bend?
'No! valiant Power's, we'll then our foes engage—
'O'erturn their thrones in our tremendous rage—
'Deluge their hoſt with our infernal fire—
'And burn up heaven—or in the attempt expire.
'But let us prudently conceal our ſcheme,
'And while we hence are led, ſubmiſſive ſeem,
'Till godlike life releaſe our limbs confin'd,
'And godlike ſtrength our ſever'd ſinews bind;
'Till Gog and Magog, and our hoſts from far,
'Be all conven'd before the burning bar.'

Replies the Dragon; 'Well doſt thou adviſe;
'Good are thy reaſons, and thy counſel wiſe.
'What better plan, my Nobles, can be laid?
'Or what defect in what my Lord hath ſaid?
'—Full approbation in your eyes I read,
'Therefore, ye follow when and where I lead;
'Ruſh not before me, neither lag behind;
'Be all attention, and my motion mind.
'While angels looſe us from theſe fiery coaſts,
'Collect together all our diſtant hoſts,

'And bid us ſtand before the bar ſupreme,
'Stir not a hand, nor let a tongue blaſpheme;
'Conceal your weapons, and diſguiſe your rage,
'Till ye receive my ſignal to engage;
'Then, ſwift and furious as theſe raging flames,
'Fall on the foe; regard not age, or names;
'Deal death around; ſhow lenity to none;
'While I fling vengeance at th' eternal Son:
'Dread nought, my heroes! nor to angels yield,
'And quit exiſtence ere ye quit the field:
'Brave are your chiefs, and numberleſs your hoſt;
'Your endleſs all that day is gain'd or loſt:
'The *worſt* ye know, to live confin'd in hell;
'The *beſt*, how glorious I can ſcarcely tell—
'To conquer gods, and in their regions dwell!
'Then, my bold legions! heaven and death defy;
'Quit ye like gods, and gods ſubdue, or die!'

PART

PART III.

WHILE the arch-fiend is counſelling his crew,
How they with Michael ſhould their war renew,
Ten thouſand legions of bright angels ſtand,
Before hell's gates, at heaven's ſupreme command;
Th' enormous gates before them open fly;
They hear the rattling chains, th' infernal cry,
And view the flames which never, never die:
Struck at the ſight, aſtoniſh'd at the ſound,
Th' adoring ſeraphs bend with awe profound!
Unuſual ſtrains are pour'd from every tongue;
Unuſual ardor flames in every ſong:
While the bleſt realms where ſpotleſs angels dwell,
Appear moſt bright from the dark verge of hell.
The howling priſoners ſee the ſhining hoſts,
And inſtantly the foul blaſpheming ghoſts
Ceaſe to blaſpheme, intreat a quick releaſe,
And feign obedience to the Prince of peace.

To whom the mighty potentates proclaim;
'You muſt appear before the Judge Supreme;

'Quit

'Quit your deep dungeon, and aſcend the ſkies,
'And orderly attend the grand aſſize.'

The loyal armies of th' eternal King,
From the dark goal the fetter'd priſoners bring:
In two vaſt hoſts the rebels move along,
And the wide portals of deſtruction throng;
Like numerous, black, and ponderous clouds thy fly,
And hugely darken the ſurrounding ſky;
While the loud ratling of their cumberous chains,
Re-echoes grating through th' ethereal plains.
Ere they arrive at Salem's glittering gate,
Or ſtand before JEHOVAH's ſovereign ſeat,
The dreadful trumpet's ſhrill tremendous ſound,
Rends the wide heavens, and cleaves the trembling ground,
Wakes the foul bodies of the impious dead,
And bids them riſe from their polluted bed.
Where *once* his tent the wandering ſhepherd ſpread,
Or the low cot expos'd his turf-capt head—
Or Arabs rov'd—or Indians rang'd the wood—
Or nimble oars play'd on the yielding flood—
Or palaces, towns, cities, temples ſtood—
Or gliding ſtreams in wanton windings flow'd—
Or herbage ſmil'd—or golden harveſt bow'd—
Or glittering armies throng'd the ſpacious plain—
Or thundering fleets rode on the furious main—

Now

Now human duſt in various ſhapes aſcends,
And each effluvium to its owner tends.
Earth, air, and water, in wild motion dance;
Atoms to atoms in ſwift clouds advance:
Bones fellow-bones, limbs fellow-limbs, rejoin,
And kindred-nerves the frightful form intwine:
Each particle to life and motion ſprings,
And new-fram'd eyes ſtare on eternal things.
The baſe, the noble, ignorant, and wiſe,
The young, and old,—in crouds promiſcuous riſe:
Illuſtrious monarchs and their abject ſlaves,
Crawl alike wretched from their mingled graves:
Various degrees of turpitude alone,
Form the diſtinctions now among them known.
How vaſt the numbers pouring from the tomb!
The ſpacious world can ſcarcely yield them room.
But ah! how hideous and deform'd they riſe!
How pale their faces, and how fierce their eyes!
What flaming fury and tormenting fear,
And lowring horror, in their looks appear!
What loathſome wounds and raging ulcers ſtare,
On their black count'nance, and their guilt declare!
Exquiſite beauties, once by kings rever'd,
Are ghaſtly ſpectres, and by heroes fear'd.
Jovial companions, once in vice agreed,
Curſe each the other, and each other's deed:

Loud

Loud execrations and infernal cries,
Ring horrible through the far-echoing ſkies.
The wretched ſoul the wretched body meets,
And looks! and trembles! and aghaſt retreats!
While every fiber ſhudders at the pain,
From its connection with the mind again:
But ah! incens'd Omnipotence rejoins,
The guilty pair in everlaſting chains.

The dead all raiſed from the rended tomb,
And Satan loos'd from hell's profoundeſt gloom,
Now, now begins the dreadful day of doom!
The JUDGE! the JUDGE! the Sovereign JUDGE aſcends,
His lofty ſeat! all heaven the GOD attends!
Sapphire and gold form his refulgent throne;
No more the croſs; no more the dying groan!
Celeſtial light his radiant robe adorns,
And in his face celeſtial glory burns;
Grace, wiſdom, love, and majeſty divine,
Juſtice, and vengeance, in his count'nance ſhine:
Heaven, earth, and hell, before his throne convene,
And wondering worlds gaze on the ſolemn ſcene.
All eyes behold Him through the countleſs crowd;
The envious, wanton, mercileſs, and proud:
The impious Gentile and malicious Jew,
With wailing ſee the GOD they pierc'd and ſlew.

Th'

Th' exalted JUDGE looks awfully around;
Life in his ſmiles, death in his frowns—are found:
The happy ſaints are plac'd on his right-hand;
And on the left, th' ungodly trembling ſtand.
The books are open'd! foul offences read!
The righteous triumph, and the guilty dread!
Divine omniſcience reads diſtinctly o'er,
Her regiſter of ſins unknown before;
All heinous crimes from human eyes conceal'd,
Are there recorded, and are now reveal'd.
What deeds of darkneſs, odious, and unjuſt!
What hidden ſcenes of cruelty and luſt!
Murder and whoredom ſcreen'd by gloomy night,
Are now expos'd to mens and angels ſight!
What black deſigns enwrapt in ſully'd thought,
Are now to light, are now to judgment brought!

The various volumes of Creation ſtand,
Widely unfolded at the dread command:
The earth and ſkies, by fire demoliſh'd, find
A freſh exiſtence in the guilty mind.
HE, mighty GOD, who made the dumb to ſpeak,
Now bids all nature her long ſilence break;
Straight, ſecret ſilence tries her new-form'd tongue,
And, mounted high, declares each hidden wrong.

The gloomy night now turns refulgent day,
And darkeſt ſhades far darker ſcenes diſplay.
Abuſed beaſts, abuſed bounties bring,
Their righteous cauſe before the righteous King.
The ground where Abel and where Naboth bled,
Calls out for vengeance on the murderers head.
The watchful lamp that ey'd the midnight dance,
Diſcovers clearly the polluted glance,
The robber's booty, and the ruffian's lance:
The ſtately walls of ſplendid manſions cry,
Reſponſive beams, and ſounding roofs reply;
And loudly publiſh to the liſtening ſkies,
The owner's crimes beneath their vain diſguiſe,
And how they trembled o'er his guilty eyes.
Rome, Paris, Smithfield faithfully diſcloſe,
The blood of martyrs, and the churches woes.
The flaming ſun that pour'd the noon-day light,
The faithful moon that watch'd the ſilent night,
And bluſhing ſtars which view'd each odious ſight,
Infinite millions of black deeds proclaim,
The date, the place, and the offenders name.
But lo! on Calvary ſpreads a purple ſtain,
Where (awful truth!) the LORD of life was ſlain,
That flames damnation in the ruffians eyes,
Aſks tenfold vengeance, and with loudeſt cries.

The anxious guilty read their crimes anew,
And, ſilent, feel each accuſation true.

The ſacred law on awful Sinai given,
Tranſgreſs'd on earth, though wiſely form'd in heaven
Whether engrav'd on ſtones, or heathen minds,
Claims ample juſtice, ample juſtice finds.
Ne'er Sinai ſhook ſo terribly before,
Nor Iſrael heard ſo loud a tempeſt roar;
But fiercer flames, and louder thunderings ſtill,
And blacker ſmoke, now roll on Zion's hill.
The light that ſhone through Revelation's ſky,
Flaſhes inceſſant in the Deiſt's eye!
The charming tidings of ſalvation ſound
Tremendous wrath, and ſpread damnation round!
Heaven's injur'd patience, and deſpiſed grace,
Thunder revenge againſt the rebel-race:
The piercing voice of expiating blood,
Beneath the feet of vile blaſphemers trod,
Now tears aſunder their tormented ſoul,
The chief in guilt, and fouleſt of the foul.
All actions, words, and thoughts are ſcrutiniz'd,
Nor longer lies hypocriſy diſguis'd:
By heaven's juſt laws th' impartial Judge proceeds,
Deals all men juſtice, as He finds their deeds.

Each aggravation with exactneſs weighs,
And to each work its proper wages pays.
Condemn'd before the Ethiopean Queen,
The Jewiſh ſcribe and Jewiſh prieſt are ſeen.
Gomorrah, Sodom, Nineveh, and Tyre,
Doom proud Chorazin to ſeverer fire.
Deluded Arabs and blind Pagans ſhame
A world that bore the ſacred Chriſtian name.
European Kings, more black than Indian ſlaves,
Muſt plunge far deeper in infernal waves.
Nor pompous title, nor exalted poſt,
Nor robe, nor mitre, vain ambition's boaſt!
Nor gifts of nature, nor the charms of art,
Nor pious form without a pious heart,
Nor fruitleſs faith could its huge mountains move,
Nor flaming zeal without celeſtial love,
Nor power, nor wealth, nor human merit's claim,
Nor learned eloquence, nor ſounding fame,—
Can ſcreen the ſinner from the quenchleſs flame.

The book of life diſplays its golden lines,
Where the ſalvation of the righteous ſhines:
The Judge aloud reads o'er their precious names,
And all their deeds of purity proclaims;
Nor one offence of the redeem'd is found,
Their ſins are cover'd, and pollution drown'd;

Their

Their bad deeds pardon'd, and their ſpotted good
Are waſh'd and whiten'd in atoning blood;
The Mediator's pierced ſide they plead,
And in his ſcars their dear redemption read:
Devils are dumb; all men and angels own,
They're juſtly ſav'd, and ſav'd by grace alone;
While in their Judge with joy they contemplate
Their ſmiling Friend, and able Advocate;
Behold their Saviour on the judgment-ſeat,
And hear him ſpeak in ſounds divinely ſweet;—
'Come, ye, my Father's beſt beloved ſons!
'My friends, my brethren, my redeemed ones!
'Poſſeſs the kingdom, range the realms of joy,
'Where glory fades not, pleaſures never cloy:
'Sit near my throne, and in my brightneſs ſhine;
'Feaſt at my board, and drink celeſtial wine:
'Me ye obey'd, and my reproach ye bare,
'Now in my joy, and in my triumph ſhare;
'Eternal pleaſures ſhall reward your pain,
'While ye with me in radiant glory reign:
'In heaven's fair regions ye henceforth reſide,
'Where pure delights in ſtreams perpetual glide—
'Where fragrant groves perfume the atmoſphere—
'Melodious ſeraphs charm th' unwearied ear—
'New glorious ſcenes eternally ariſe,
'A freſh to raviſh your immortal eyes—

'Seraphic

'Seraphic love its ſacred fire diſplays—
'Unchanging friendſhip blends her bliſsful rays—
'And where JEHOVAH from his boundleſs ſtores,
'Inceſſantly a full perfection pours;
'Nor ſin, nor pain, invade your bleſt abode;
'There ever ſee your ever-ſmiling GOD!'

Then turns the Judge his awful frowning face,
T'ward the unjuſt of each rebellious race,
And thus proceeds; 'Ye filthy fiends of hell,
'Who once in bright celeſtial realms did dwell!
'How could you dare offend the King ſupreme—
'Inſult your Sovereign, and his name blaſpheme—
'Deface your Maker's faireſt work below—
'Involve a world in never-ending woe—
'Torture and murder my obedient bands—
'Oppoſe my reign—and pierce my healing hands?
'Depart from me, ye execrable crew!
'To quenchleſs fire prepar'd in hell for you.'

'And, ye apoſtates of the Human race!
'Who dar'd my vengeance, and deſpis'd my grace—
'In the foul paths of diſobedience trod—
'Contemn'd the worſhip and the laws of GOD—
'Revil'd my ſaints, and ſhed my martyrs blood!

'Depart

'Depart from me, ye curſed! into hell,
'And ever with devouring burnings dwell:
'Satan ye ſerv'd; his wages now receive;
'Alike in guilt, alike in torment live.'

At this, the Dragon in a dreadful rage,
Raves at the Judge, and bids all hell engage;
Th' infernal furies inſtantly blaſpheme—
Curſe horribly JEHOVAH's awful name—
With hideous noiſe, in legions numberleſs,
Charge the ſaints camp—the gates of Salem preſs—
Burn to demoliſh her fair walls around,
Raze her high towers, and plow her hallow'd ground—
But rapid ſtreams of fierce ſulphureous fire,
Kindled by heaven's incens'd tremendous ire,
With furious force from burſting vengeance fall
On the foul fiends, and overwhelm them all;
Impetuous bear them down a dreadful ſteep,
And lodge them rolling in the burning deep.
Satan, the ſerpent, the devouring beaſt,
The lying prophet and his bloody prieſt,
The ſcoffing tribe on either ſide the flood,
And murderers who ſpill'd the harmleſs blood,
Idolaters, and the deiſtic race,
Who ſcorn'd the SAVIOUR, and contemn'd his grace;

The ſorcerer, the drunkard, the unclean,
The ſlanderer, the lyar, and prophane;
The covetous, the oppreſſor, and the proud,
And hypocrites, and all the impious crowd,—
Are toſs'd inceſſant on the fiery wave,
And gnaſh their teeth, and howl, and foam, and rave.
Guilt, horror, wrath, deſpair, and anguiſh, roll,
Like flaming ſurges o'er the ſinking ſoul:
Malice, revenge, and enmity with GOD,
And rage, and fury,—fill their black abode:
Vengeance divine eternally o'erwhelms,
Like burning ſulphur, their infernal realms;
Perpetual ſmoke their torments upward ſend;
Nor ever will their direful tortures end:
And all the rays of light the rebels know,
Are ſparks of wrath, and only ſeen to ſhow,
How brightly ſhines the righteous nation now.

PART IV.

THUS, have I ſang, O man, in ſolemn ſtrains,
The awful truths Heaven's ſacred creed contains.
Pure Revelation and right Reaſon join,
Their kindred voice to prove my theme divine;
Oft has the former pierc'd thine echoing ear,
Now the loud thunder of the latter hear.

Doth man poſſeſs a vaſt amazing mind,
As wide as ſpace, by matter unconfin'd,
Alone to animate a clod of clay,
And only for a ſhort tempeſtuous day?
To rove ignoble, uſeleſs, and obſcure,
Like lawleſs beaſts, and greater pains endure?
Doth reaſon beam in Afric's ſooty ſons,
Alone to crouch around deſpotick thrones—
Or, captive led, beneath huge labor groan—
Or baſk inglorious on the burning zone?
Do Indian tribes poſſeſs a noble ſoul,
But, lion-like, wild deſerts to control?

Is underſtanding exquiſitely bright,
Kindled to yield ſo dim, ſo ſhort a light,
And to be quench'd in everlaſting night?
Shall narrow time, and mouldering duſt confine,
Unbounded thought, and powers almoſt divine?
Has Heaven created Rationals in vain,
Or ſoon to ſleep ne'er to awake again?
Shall theſe Aurelias ne'er to motion ſpring—
Range through wide realms on thought's unwearied wing—
And radiant reaſon's glowing plumes diſplay,
In the bright ſunſhine of eternal day?

Nor mental darkneſs, and corporeal pains,
Alone have ſpread o'er ſpacious Pagan plains,
(Which prove, and need the blazing future day,
To ſhow how juſt and wiſe JEHOVAH's way;)
The ſmoke of hell, and clouds of blackeſt crimes,
Have cover'd Chriſtian and Barbarian climes,
Have overwhelm'd and darken'd reaſon's ray—
Eclips'd refulgent Revelation's day—
Obſtructed heaven's benign and living light—
And form'd a woful univerſal night.
A night wherein the beaſts of ſlaughter howl,
The roaring lion, and the ſcreeching owl;
The filthy ſons of darkneſs riot loud,
The furious, wanton, obdurate, and proud:

Beneath

Beneath its ſhade of black infernal hue,
Cain, firſt of murderers, his brother ſlew;
Ten thouſand execrable ruffian hands
Shed harmleſs gore in civilized lands:
O murderous Egypt! O more murderous Rome!
Drench'd with ſaints blood! expect thy dreadful doom;
But chiefly thou, O curſed Paleſtine!
O'erwhelm'd with blood! o'erwhelm'd with blood
More direful ſpears, O ſons of rage and pride! [divine!
Shall pierce your hearts who pierc'd the SAVIOUR's ſide.

With Murder, *Whoredom* has its thouſands ſlain,
From the tall monarch to the ſervile ſwain,
Has delug'd earth with filthineſs and guilt—
The blood of prophets, and of empires ſpilt—
Impov'riſh'd princes—dealt the loathſome wound—
Kindled revenge—and flung confuſion round.
Ye impious herd high-fed for ruin, mourn!
Your joy to grief, your mirth to howling turn;
A holy GOD, whoſe laws ye now deride,
Ere long will plunge you in the fiery tide.

Now Mammon's ſons with iron hands oppreſs,
The weeping widow, and the fatherleſs:—

Ye

Ye tyrants, tremble! orphans have a friend,
Who hears their cries to liſtening heaven aſcend;
His wrath ſhall ſoon your ravenous bowels rend.

In every empire, and in every age,
Heaven's ſheep have ſmoak'd to perſecution's rage:—
Ye ruthleſs murderers of the ſaints of God!
The deepeſt hell ſhall be your dark abode.

Malice, revenge, and diabolic pride,
And ſins unnumber'd, a tremendous tide,
Impetuous, like the patriarch's flood, o'erwhelm
Each potent kingdom, each extenſive realm:
Ye infidels! ye atheiſtic race!
Ye wanton mockers of redeeming grace!
Where will ye hide your proud obnoxious head,
When thundering vengeance 'wakes the wicked dead,
And the unbounded concave of the ſky,
Burns like an oven, and worlds in torture die?
Like the dry ſtubble to the burning doom'd,
Shall ye O ſons of pride! be then conſum'd.

Is there a GOD? and is HE INFINITE
In knowledge, juſtice, majeſty, and might?
Doth His arm rule, doth His omniſcience know,
All worlds and things above—around—below?

And

And ſhall his wiſdom, purity, and power,
For ever a rebellious race endure?
Shall His bright juſtice clouds eternal wear,
And ne'er to men in fairer form appear?
Now proud blaſphemers bear a ſovereign ſway,
Heaven's power deride, and on the righteous prey:
Oppreſſors proſper; ravenous tyrants reign;
While virtue bleeds, and innocence is ſlain:
The impious live in pleaſure, honour, health;
Then die at eaſe, and leave their babes their wealth;
While precious ſaints, through life with ſorrow ſigh,
Reſide in dungeons, and in torture die.
But doth the KING Eternal and Supreme,
Like Gallio, care not whether men blaſpheme,
Or praiſe harmonious, His tremendous name?
Doth HE with equal approbation view,
The tortur'd JESUS and the murdering Jew?
Say with the fool 'There is no God' or own,
The future judgments of his radiant throne.

Whence ſelf-reproach and horror rend the heart,
If ſpirits periſh when they hence depart?
Is guilt an arrow from the bow of time?
Heart-burning guilt? and for a *ſecret* crime?
Is fleſh the arm that twangs the mighty bow,
That ſhoots the conſcience of a Judas through?

Why

Why do the ſcoffer and the impious rake,
Belſhazzar-like, at death's appearance quake?
Why in death's preſence ſerious?—penitent?—
Why *then* receive the ſlighted ſacrament?—
Why aſk the prayers, why ſeek to be adviſ'd,
Of thoſe, in health, they ſcornfully deſpiſ'd?
—Or baniſh guilt, nor feel conviction's ſting,
Or, ſinner! own the ſacred truth I ſing.

Rouſe then, Britannia! rouſe! awake! ariſe!
Hear the trump ſound! behold the kindling ſkies!
Prepare to meet thine awful Judge, prepare!
Nor think his fiery indignation far.
Fly! fly for mercy! fly for refuge! fly!
Forſake thy ſins, thy ſins of deepeſt dye.
Each loathſome vice in thee triumphant reigns;
And Error graſps thee in her ruſty chains.
Doth not ambition in thy boſom burn?
Doth not thy land becauſe of ſwearing mourn?
Doth not corruption, treachery, and guile,
Pride, and prophaneneſs, dreadfully defile,
And dire oppreſſion cruſh—thy tottering iſle?
Hath not red murder thy broad rivers dy'd,
And whoredom blacken'd thy ſurrounding tide?

Do not the righteous through thy borders ſigh,
Fair virtue bleed, and pure religion die,
And is not GOD thine awful enemy?
Thy crying ſins ring in Jehovah's ear!
Thy ſcarlet crimes before His face appear!
Rich are the gifts kind Heaven on thee beſtows;
But where's the heart that with thankſgiving glows?
Celeſtial truth is fallen in thy ſtreet,
And glorious grace is trod beneath thy feet.
Oh! bluſh with ſhame! diſſolve with pious grief!
Nor longer be to Heaven's loud warnings deaf.
What friend but trembles at thy final fate,
And dreads the downfall of thy bending ſtate!
Behold, behold Jehovah's vengeance nigh!
Behold her wave her flaming ſword on high!
And to His grace for ſpeedy pardon fly!
Ceaſe to provoke the SOVEREIGN of the ſkies—
Contemn His anger, and His love deſpiſe—
Deſert His temple, and His laws deride—
And ſink in luxury, ignorance, and pride.
Still the glad tidings of ſalvation ſound,
And mercy echoes through thy plains around.
Return! return! to God, in tears return!
And at His feet thy bold rebellion mourn,
Ere kindling vengeance thy fair iſland burn!

And ye, bleſt ſervants of the Lord of love!
Whoſe hearts, and joys, and treaſures, dwell above;
Exalt your heads, exalt your voices high;
Behold the day of your redemption nigh!
Dread not the rage of the wide-ſpreading flame
Diſſolving worlds, and rending nature's frame;
The fiery flood, this rebel-orb o'erwhelms,
Will waft you joyful to celeſtial realms:
So rode the patriarch on the ſwelling tide,
While deep beneath him ſhoals of ſcoffers died;
So ſail'd he, fearleſs, to the land of peace,
And ſang the wonders of ſurprizing grace.

Rouſe, O my ſoul! and realize the day,
That ſoon will burn theſe withering worlds away;
Expand thy views beyond the bounds of time—
Th' eternal hills of heavenly Canaan climb—
And thence behold with wonder, joy, and praiſe,
The globes beneath in one tremendous blaze:
There ſing with ſeraphs, and with ſaints adore
The grace that ſteer'd thee to the bliſsful ſhore;
The bliſsful ſhore, the fair celeſtial plains,
Where angels dwell, where JESUS ever reigns.

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